

# SEFAUTIAN's Farewel: <sup>159</sup>

O R,

## Fair SILVIA'S Matchless Cruelty.

To an Excellent New Tune: Or, Sefautian's Farewel.



I.

**H**ope Farewel, adieu to all Pleasure,  
no Torment so great, as Love with Dispair;  
Silvia Frowns, my endeavour's to please her,  
and Laughs at those pains she makes me to bear:  
Life's my Disease, and there is no Cure  
but Death's cruel Dart that must set me at ease;  
When I'm no more, then may she grieve  
for him, who while living she never would relieve.

II.

In the World so Charming a Creature,  
my Fancy tells me I never beheld;  
splendid Beauty is Grace in each Feature,  
that with Love-Raptures I strangely am fill'd:  
Here I lye slain, with Darts of disdain,  
While Silvia's hard heart will not pity my pain;  
But let her know for this her Hate,  
She may much Repent it when as it is too late.

III.

Can you be so desperate Cruel,  
as for your sake to let Death be my Doom?  
Love is like the Unquenchable Fuel,  
in which all my Glory and Life will consume:  
Still you dispise my sorrowful Crys,  
And over your Lover doth still Tyrannize;  
But when kind Death shall set me free,  
You may be Rewarded for this your Cruelty.

IV.

When the World shall read this sad Story,  
which here I Write with a trembling Quill;  
Shewing how you have blasted my Glory,  
Oh! will they not count you a Tyrant still:

Then let me find, my Silvia more kind,  
To comfort and cherish my troubled mind  
For if I go, to the Shades below,  
'Tis you are the cause of my final overthrow.

V.

O my Grief is never lamented  
by the whom I do so dearly adore;  
With her Frowns I am dayly Tormented,  
no Creature for Love sure, did e're suffer more:  
CUPID's keen Dart, has wounded my heart,  
I never, no, never, did feel greater smart;  
Here a poor Slave one Smile does crave,  
Or else you will send him soon to the silent Grav.

VI.

In your Charms I dearly delighted,  
and ever thought you my Heaven to be;  
Yet by you I was evermore slighted,  
and now you make a poor Martyr of me:  
Won't you therefore, your Captive restore,  
Who sues for your Love, and desires no more?  
You may be sure, pains I endure  
And 'tis in your power either to Kill or Cure.

VII.

In a sad and sorrowful Ditty,  
with Sighs and Tears I have sent forth my moan;  
Yet my fair one affords me no pity,  
but lets me languish to Death all alone:  
This very Day, now I must away,  
Both strength, heart and spirits, with life, does decay  
More then untrue, Silvia was you,  
And therefore farewell, for I bid the World Adieu.

This may be Printed, R. P.